

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS 'CUL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 29.—VOL. XXII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1810.

NO. 1173

VIRTUOUS LOVE REWARDED. A TALE.

BY MISS WINDHAM FOOT JAMES.

(Continued.)

Mr. Ashton, after a very short acquaintance with the little interesting prattler, became as fondly attached to her as his wife; she therefore became their adopted daughter. An officer's widow, a lady of competent and liberal education, who boarded at the farm during many years, took infinite pleasure in teaching her "young ideas how to shoot." As she grew up, this amiable woman taught her every accomplishment that embellishes the female mind. In the lines of Thompson her exterior beauty has already been panegyrised; however, I shall say, that it was impossible to look upon her without two sentiments arising in the heart, that is, admiration and the whole energy of love. The latter soon made it's entry into the breast of Adolphus. When she spoke, he gazed enraptured, and her every word she uttered with a voice soft as the music of a shepherd's pipe, penetrated to his soul. When the storm subsided, he slowly walked from the farm, and, immersed in thought, reached his father's mansion. At the door he was met by his sister Emily, who exclaimed: "Oh, here comes the fugitive. Why, Adolphus, we have been returned above these two hours. Where, for Heaven's sake, have you been; paying a visit to the antipodes?"

Just as he was going to reply, Ferdinand, Sir Theobald Hargrave, and a young man, entered.

"Mr. Raymond," said Sir Theobald, smiling, and introducing him.

"Yes," returned he, "I am Mr. Raymond, a gentleman of five thousand a year. I suppose, Miss, continued he, addressing Miss Cleveland, "you, some time ago, recollect seeing me at Sally's assembly; however I don't mind seeing you there and admired your pretty dancing."

Miss Cleveland replied, endeavouring to suppress a laugh, "I recognise you, Sir, to be the identical person whose appearance and behaviour engrossed my particular attention."

"You are very praising, Miss," returned he.

Ferdinand, at this, could retain his risible faculty no longer; he, therefore, burst into an obstreperous paroxysm of laughter. Adolphus gave a look of rebuke both at him and Sir Theobald, who was likewise laughing; but they regarded it not. The appearance of Lord Cleveland, however, silenced them. It being the hour of supper, his lordship asked the gentlemen to stay and sup with them. They accepted the invitation, and Lord Cleveland led the way to the supper room. When seated around the table, Mr. Raymond looked attentively at the viands, and, in a low voice, said to Miss Cleveland, who sat at his right hand, while Ferdinand was at his left, "Miss, miss, do you love tongue and fowl?"

"Yes, sir," she answered.

"So do I," returned he. "Miss, do you love turbot?"

"I like them very well."

"And so do I. Miss do you love crab?"

"Not with any partiality."

"No more shoudn't I like it with parsley. Miss, do you love strong beer?"

"No, sir."

"No more don't I. Miss, do you love roasted potatoes?"

She here gave a deafar to his interrogatories; he, however, would have an answer, and, shaking her by the shoulder, continued, "miss do you hear what I say to you?"

Ferdinand, who had been listening to him, with a convulsive laugh, said: "She is in love I suppose, Mr. Raymond."

"Why," whispered he, "five thousand a year isn't to be met with every day."

Innumerable were the absurdities and extravagancies of this rustic square: he drank copiously, which augmented his garrulity. Adolphus was pensive and abstracted; and, that his thoughtfulness might not be observed, pretended to have the head-ache, and soon withdrew. The lovely and unassuming Clementina engrossed all his thoughts.—"Ah!" said he, "I am no longer myself. I have beheld beauty and virtue, I have seen the everlasting mistress of my heart! Yea, lovely, beauteous Clementina! ever shall I adore thee!"

Thus he thought; nor had the amiable Clementina beheld his elegant and graceful form unmoved. After his departure from their dwelling, in a pensive mood, she took her harp, and played several plaintive airs.

Two or three days elapsed, during which time Adolphus endeavoured to chase her beauteous image from his mind; his vainly had recourse to his books; he found them formal dulness.

Early one morning he walked in the park; his footsteps insensibly led him down the vista that opened into the meadows, which he entered. He proceeded pensively along, imagining the charms of Clementina, and surveying the rural objects around him.

"Ah! who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell—
The pipe of early shepherd, dim desc'd
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide;
The hum of bees, and linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove."

"The cottager's early pilgrim bark,
Crown'd with her pail the tripping milk maid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks a field—and hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle, in sequester'd bowers,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial towers."

CHAP. II.

Adolphus' excursive steps, led him unconsciously on, till the abode of Ashton appeared in view.—"Ah!" sighed he, "whither have I rambl'd? Why should I wish to behold the too lovely Clementina? Am I not already

wretched? and will not a second sight of her augment my wretchedness?" Thus he stood mentally ratiocinating, irresolute whether to return or advance forward. Love, at last, was triumphant over reason. With invigorated spirits, and accelerated pace, he approached the farm. In passing the garden he heard a voice that suspended his progress. Looking over the hedge he beheld Clementina and the farmer, to whom she was talking about the disposition of some flowers which she was going to plant in a parterre. Adolphus did not long remain unseen; the old man, casting his eyes towards the hedge, beheld him. Seeing himself observed he spoke, and immediately walked to the wicket that led into the garden. It was opened by the farmer, who expressed his pleasure at being honoured with a second visit. A deep blush suffused the cheeks of Clementina when she beheld Adolphus approaching. He praised her judgement in the judicious arrangement of her flowers; and, in the ardency of his encomium, let fall many sentences that confused her. Ere he had been many minutes in the garden the farmer was called away upon some business. Adolphus, during the old man's absence, dress'd his fair companion from one flower to another, and asked their respective names. Coming to some very fine roses, he observed, that he thought them transcendently beautiful; he therefore gathered one, and, pressing it to his lips, said, "Will the matchless Clementina give it a place in her fair bosom? No contrast is lower than the lily and the rose. Clementina, unconscious of what she did, accepted it, whilst her blooming cheeks assumed a hue of the deepest crimson, and her fine blue eyes were cast to the ground. Adolphus stood gazing at her in silent admiration; he would have taken her hand and impressed on it a tender kiss; but the farmer re-entered the garden. Adolphus, after having passed an hour in discourse with him, his wife, and the lovely Clementina, took his leave.

But ere he had walked many yards from the house he was met by Hargrave and his brother.

"Good morning, coz," said the former, "you took an early excursion." Adolphus made a reply.

"Did we not see you come from Ashton's?" interrogated Ferdinand. His brother answered in the affirmative, and passed many eulogiums on the farmer and his wife.

"And," said Ferdinand, archly, and with a look of scrutiny, "is there no one else who deserves praise? Did you not see here a beautiful young girl?"

"Yesterday morning," continued he, "when I was out hunting, the lovely maid in question was tripping across those meadows. The stag we were pursuing crossed over hither, and bounded with such agility against the beauteous girl that he threw her down. I immediately dismounted, and hastened to her assistance. I raised her from the ground, and, by Heaven! my eyes fell on a countenance, lovely beyond expression! I entreated the beautiful creature to let me escort her home, but this she refused, saying, that her fall had not occasioned her the

least hurt. I, however, begged to know where she resided, and was answered at Ashton's. I have since heard she is an orphan whom Mrs. Ashton has patronised. Ah! Adolphus, it was undoubtedly the charming Clementina to whom you have been paying your visit. I recollect hearing you say, a few days ago, that you called at the farm to take shelter from a storm. I conjecture it was then you first saw the fascinating fair; and not being proof against her striking charms, called this morning to feast your eyes with a second coup-d'oeil of them?

Adolphus averred that he did not walk out with an intention of going to Ashton's, whom he accidentally saw; he therefore commenced a conversation with him, and accepted his invitation of entering the house.

"Well," said Ferdinand, laughing, "I advise you to keep your heart invulnerable till the arrival of Lady Dormer, who, Emily tells me, will be here on Friday, accompanied by her brother, Lord Bolton."

(To be continued.)

VARIETY.

A writer observes, much may be learned, as to the dispositions of a people, from the mode of their social addresses. In the southern provinces of China, the common people ask, "Have you eaten your rice?" or in this article consists their principal felicity. The Chinese have visiting cards, the colour and size of which are regulated agreeably to the rank and estimation of the person visited. When the English embassy was in China, Lord Macartney received from the Viceroy of Petchee a crimson card, large enough to have papered his bed chamber!

If two Dutchmen meet in the morning, they wish each other a good appetite. In Cairo the inhabitants ask, How do you sweat? Since the want of perspiration is with them symptomatic of an approaching fever. The Italian, or the Spaniard asks, How does it stand? A Frenchman inquires, How do you carry yourself? The German, How do you find yourself? The Englishman, How do you do? In the three last salutations we perceive the characteristic reference to—show, reflection and activity. Frequently the Hollander asks, How do you fare?

Sir Thomas Robinson, who was tall and thin, one day asked Lord Chesterfield to make some verses on him, upon which his lordship immediately made the following distich.

Unlike my subject, now, shall be my song,
It shall be witty, and it *shan't* be long.

An itch for punning was a constant attendant of Swift's. He dined one day in company with the lord Keeper, his son, and two ladies, with Mr. Cesar, the treasurer of the navy, at his house in the city. They happened to talk of Butus, and Swift said something in his praise, when it struck him immediately that he had made a blunder in doing so, and therefore recollecting himself, he said, "Mr. Cesar, I beg your pardon."

USEFUL.

Receipt to make a bad Husband a good one.

Take of the plants sincerity, cheerfulness and modesty, each one pound; of the rather of carelessness two handiis; infuse them into a large portion of personal decency, well mixed with the flowers of complaisance; then drain the essence from all impurities and add of the oil of condescension quantum sufficient. This has been found a never-failing nostrum and may be safely given in large doses, morning, noon, and night.

HENRY AND SUSAN.

YOUNG man, thy downcast looks betray
A heavy heart, what cause I pray?
Whence spring those sighs and seeming fears?
And why so frequent fall those tears?
Does man unfeeling and unkind
Destroy thy valued peace of mind?

O dost thou vainly look for wealth?
It never will promote thy health;
For misers' cares and misers' gains
Bring tear, disquietude and pains;
I'd leave pomp, riches, and mankind,
For health of body, peace of mind.

Do others splendors prompt a sigh
To emulate their fame so high?
They're empty shows, ill-founded joys,
And pride all inward peace destroys;
For me, all other joys combined,
I'd leave, to gain true peace of mind.

With pity does your bosom glow
For some lost child of want and woe?
Does some poor orphan in distress
Call forth the tears you can't suppress?
Does this, thy grief for human kind,
Destroy thy precious peace of mind?

Has love with his ill-fated dart
So deeply wounded thy fond heart,
And then deserted thee to fly,
And left thee here alone to die,
A dupe to faithless womankind,
Destroying all thy peace of mind?

Ah, me! I love, and love too true,
The cruel, unrelenting Sue!
The pride of all the neighbouring swains,
The pride of all on yonder plains;
'Tis she, with words the most unkind,
Who thus destroys my peace of mind.

But will no other maiden do?
No other than the cruel Sue?
Does all thy fond attention rest
On her who owns an icy breast?
And canst thou not another find
Who will restore thy peace of mind?

Ah, no! I never more shall rest
Unless with Susan I am blest;
'Tis her alone I can admire,
'Tis her alone I do require,
And, Oh! if she could be but kind,
'T would soon restore my peace of mind.

But why if Susan can't approve,
Dost thou still cherish a thy love?
Say, canst thou not yield up in part,
The tender feeling of thy heart?
Forget the maiden so unkind,
Who proudly destroys thy peace of mind.

No, never, never shall I cease
To cherish love—never find release;
No, never while her form doth live,
Shall I forbear to love and grieve;
And should she always prove unkind,
Farewell for ever peace of mind.

And what if she should e'er approve,
Wouldst thou be constant in thy love?
Content with her, and her alone,
Would I y and peace be then thy own?
Were other pleasures all resigned,
Couldst thou be happy in thy mind?

Could I be happy! ask me not;
The answer's plain—
'Tis the answer's what?
That could I be with Susan blest
My heart for ever then could rest;
Though all the world should prove unkind,
I then should boast pure peace of mind!

I'd spurn, with hate, all pomp and pride,
And wealth and honour too beside;
I'd look with pity on the great,
And bless our little, happy state;
The lovely maid my fate would bind,
And bliss would crown my peace of mind!

Beyone the mask!—behold thy Sue!
Who lives for Henry, loves him true;
Forgive the cause of all thy fears,
And sighs, disquietudes, and tears;
And, Oh! forget the words unkind,
Which have disturbed thy peace of mind.

Forget, forgive! ah, Susan! see
The tears of joy I shed with thee;
Think! think no more of what is past,
Thou'st crowned my happiness at last!
Oh, happy hour! with love so kind,
We'd both enjoy sweet peace of mind!

ANECDOTES.

King William the third was passionately fond of hunting, and made it a point of honour never to be outdone in any leap however perilous. A certain Mr. Cherry, who was devoted to the exiled family, took occasion of this, to form perhaps the most pardonable design which was ever laid against a king's life. He regularly joined the royal hounds, put himself foremost, and took the most desperate leaps, in the hope that William might break his neck in following him. One day, however, he accomplished one so imminently dangerous, that the king, when he came to the spot, shook his head and drew back.

In Malabar, a stranger might easily form a false notion of the cause of so much grief, as the wives exhibit there, on the death of their husbands, if he were not previously told that it is customary to burn both parties, the living and the dead, on the same pile. An epigram, written by a friend of mine, will put this instance in a clearer light.

EPICRAM.

On a Woman of Malabar weeping excessively at the loss of her Husband.

STRANGER.

Sure never with affliction more sincere,
Did widow leave a sigh, or shed a tear.

MAN OF MALABAR.

'Tis true, but think not parting gives her so—
They think not part—
—and hence her sorrows flow.

This Asiatic custom has one great merit—it ensures the wife's tenderest care of her husband's health while he lives, and the most unfeigned grief at his death.

Diogenes ordered himself to be thrown any where without burying. "What," said his friends, "to the birds and beasts?" "By no means," cried he, "place me such near me, that I may drive them away!" "How can you do that," they replied, "since you will not perceive them?" "How am I concerned then," added he, "in being torn by these animals, if I feel nothing of it?"

Doctor Mead had his rise in life, from being called to see the Dutchess of — at midnight. She unfortunately drank to excess.—the doctor also was very often much in liquor, and was so that night, in the act of feeling her pulse, slipping his foot, he cried, "Drunk by God," meaning of himself. She, imagining he had found her complaint, which she wished to conceal, told the doctor, if he kept it secret, she would recommend him. She did so, and made his fortune.

When some there were who much praised unto Alexander the Great the plainness and homely simplicity of Antipater, saying that he lived an austere and hard life, without all superfluities and delicious pleasures whatsoever. Well (quoth he) Antipater wears in outward show his apparel with a plain white welt or guard, but he is within all purple, I warrant you, and as red as scarlet.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, AUGUST 25, 1810

The city inspector reports the deaths of 39 persons, (of whom 14 were men, 7 women, 14 boys, 10 girls) during the week, ending on Saturday, viz. Of apoplexy 1, consumption 7, convulsions 4, debility 2, decay 1, dropsy 1, dropsy in the stomach 1, intermittent fever 1, typhus fever 2, infantile 14, gout 1, gravel 1, hives 1, liver disease 2, age 2, sudden death 1, whooping-cough 2, and 1 of mms.

Drowned.—In Hurlgate on Wednesday last, at 10 o'clock, Samuel Lawrence, Esq. of this city, 475.—The deceased was coming down in a small boat with his servant, and by approaching near what is generally called 'Hancock's rock,' struck the reef, and was immediately swept from his boat by the violence of the tide. He was taken up a few moments after the fatal accident, and the customary means taken to revive him, without a salutary effect. His servant clung to the boat and was saved.

Died.—On board the U. S. brig Vixen, of which he was commander, Lieutenant JOHN APPE, on his voyage to New Orleans.

It has become so much a custom to ascribe, in unbounded panegyric to the dead, virtues and talents which their lives did not exhibit, that an impartial notice of the character of this last officer may be perhaps claimed, by those who knew him not, among such unmeaning and inflated eulogiums. Yet it is due to the cause of human nature, that such an example should be the unknown, and it is essential to justice that such virtues should be embodied in the memory of his countrymen. One therefore to know, and I trust appreciated his worth, he is permitted to bear to it, the sad and true testimony.

At an early age he entered the navy, then rising into eminence, and soon distinguished himself by that spirit of subordination, which displayed his future fitness to command—highly by nature violent in his passions, his shyness and gentleness endeared him to all—his heart was noble and liberal as the days; and his mistress's pity gave ere charity began—encouragement when aroused was dreadful as a sea-monster's vengeance; to the vanquished, his mercy was gentle and reviving as its dews. It did exceed the limits of this paragraph, to follow him in his career of honour—bright indeed was the path, though full of danger. He was crowned of glory, and at the price of his blood was admitted to her embrace—not his health ever recovered from the multiplied wounds which sealed his victory over the pirates of Tripoli. In private life, his modesty buried lustre to his other virtues—ever careful to avoid any mention of his own exploits, and asking from the most justly merited eulogists; he was always the first to observe and to laud the merits of others. He was cherished by his friends with no common affection and sincerity justified its warmth. But he is dead, and to them are left nothing but unalloyed regret. Yet long, very long shall he be remembered; 'recorded honours shall gather round his monument and thicken over it; a solid fabric, and will support the laurels that adorn it.'

COURT OF GENERAL SESSION.

General Anthony Morales, some account of whose trial for a fraud has already been given, was brought up to receive judgement. His council had made a motion for an arrest of judgement on the ground of insufficiency in the indictment; but the court, after a long train of reasoning, gave its opinion that the indictment was sufficient, and that a fraud had been clearly proven. The "charge des affaires of his majesty the king of Holland" was, thereupon, sentenced to 10 days imprisonment in bridewell.

Extract of a letter from an American at Constantinople, to a gentleman in Boston, dated April 21, 1810.

"Yesterday a fire broke out in a Pera, one of the divisions of the suburbs, and to the N. & E. of Constantinople. It raged with the greatest degree of rapidity, and presented a truly terrific sight to the spectators. At 11 o'clock it extended nearly a mile, and formed one continual flame; nor was any stop put to it until sunset, when some stone buildings stopped in some measure its rapid progress, and about midnight its ravages were nearly at an end. The destruction of the inhabitants is very great. It is supposed that 30,000 are now in the fields, and burial grounds with the little they were able to snatch from the destructive elements. It is supposed that about 3000 buildings were entirely consumed."

LATEST FROM ENGLAND.

On Thursday last, arrived at this port his Britannic majesty's frigate Venus, Capt. Crawford, in 44 days from Portsmouth, having on board Mr. Morier, the newly-appointed chargé des affaires, and dispatches from Mr. Pinkney for the secretary of state. The Venus will wait to take home Mr. Jackson and family.

A most melancholy accident lately occurred in a mine in Cornwall. A father and son were employed in blowing up rocks with gunpowder; they had bored a hole in a large rock, filled it with powder, and owing to a spark communicating to the powder, it went off while they were tamping the powder, burst the rock into pieces, some of which struck and instantly killed the father, while the tamping iron (a round piece of iron about 22 inches in length and one inch in diameter) was driven into the young man's forehead, two or three inches.—On the people coming to him, he was found standing erect against the side of the cave, with both hands at the bar of iron attempting to pull it out; but he could not. In that state he was brought up to the surface; which was many fathoms from the place where the accident happened. Two men attempted to draw the bar out, but could not; in the mean time a surgeon was sent for, and he was obliged to open the back part of the skull, and to draw the long piece of iron through the head. Although the young man underwent this excruciating torture he survived upwards of 48 hours in a sensible but speechless state.

Lon. Pop.

WANTED,

An Apprentice to the Printing Business.
Apply at this Office.

REEVE'S WATER COLORS IN BOXES,

Of various sizes, just received, and for sale Cheap,
No. 3, PECK-SLIP.

COURT OF HYMEN.

True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven.
It is not Phantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;
It liveth not in feeble desire,
With dead desire it doth not die;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart and mind to mind
In body and in soul can bind.

MARKED.

On Sunday evening last by the Rev. Dr. Hobert, Mr. Charles Stewart, to Miss Ann Fens both of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Right Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. Southy Grindals, of Virginia, to Miss Maria Rogers, daughter of Mr. Jedediah Rogers of this city.

In New-Orleans, Mr. Alexander Philip Socrates, Enthus-Cesar Hannibal-Marcel us George Washington Tredwell, to the amiable Miss Carolina Sophia, Margaretta-Maria Julianne-Worley, Joan of Arc Williams.

MORTALITY.

Thus the stars too shall fade, and the planets decay,
Old time but his seasons shall know;
The Heavens themselves shall like dew melt away,
And the floods shall their banks overflow!

DIED.

On Wednesday morning last, at Westchester, Dr. Joseph Hall, aged 40 years.

At Albany, on the 17th ult. after a few hours illness, universally and deservedly lamented, in the 16th year of her age, Miss Louisa Latimore, only daughter of George P. Latimore, Esq. of Montreal, and formerly of the Island of Guadeloupe. In the death of this truly amiable young lady, society has lost one of its brightest ornaments, and her disconsolate parents their only comfort.

At Norfolk, the 13th inst. Mrs. Martha Armistead, wife of Mr. Theodore Armistead.

At Carthage, John H. Oswald, Esq. of Philadelphia.

At Exton, (Me) on the 8th inst. Miss Sally Pennell, with the Hydrophobia.—She was bitten by a Fox in the end of her thumb about 5 weeks since, and continued in a languishing state, though perfectly sensible to the time of her final exit.

As the Rev. John Towley is very shortly to remove from the city he will preach on the next Sabbath at the new Church in Elizabeth street, on the afternoon of which day he will deliver a farewell discourse to the Church and congregation, he is about to leave, after which a collection will be made to assist him in removing his family to Yorktown, their future residence.

JOHN I. VANDERPOOL.

LATE PARTNER TO JAMES M. SMYTHE,

Respectfully informs the Ladies of this city, and his friends in general, that he has taken that convenient stand at No. 101, Greenwich-street, very near Pector street, where he intends to carry on the Ladies' Shoe. Making in all its various branches, in the neatest and most fashionable manner. The public may depend upon the strictest attention being paid to their commands. The subscriber's long and unremitted attention to the business for upwards of ten years in the first shops in this city, he hopes will entitle him to a share of the public patronage. Likewise Gentlemen may have Boots, and Shoes made in the most fashionable manner and at the shortest notice.

J. I. Vanderpool intends to keep none but the very best materials and workmen which will enable him by strict attention to give general satisfaction. Ladies and Gentlemen, by sending their messages shall be personally attended to at their respective abodes, and their orders thankfully received and executed with the strictest attention, being determined to spare no pains or exertions to merit the favours of a generous public.

August 18

1122—A

COURT OF APOLLO.

CARELESS CONTENT.

I am content, I do not care,
Wag as it will the world for me;
When fuss and fret was all my fare,
It got no ground as I could see:
So when away my caring went,
I counted cost and was content.

With more of thanks, and less of thought,
I strive to make my matters meet;
To seek what ancient sages sought,
Physic and food, in sour and sweet:
To take what passes in good part,
And keep the hiccups from the heart.

With good and gentle humour'd hearts
I choose to chat where'er I come,
What'er the subject be that starts;
But if I get among the glum,
I hold my tongue to tell the truth,
And keep my breath to cool my broth.

For chance or change of peace or pain,
For Fortune's favour, or her frown,
For lack or glut, for loss or gain,
I never dodge, nor up nor down,
But swing what way the ship shall swim,
Or tack about, with equal trim.

I suit not where I shall not speed,
Nor trace the turn of every tide,
If simple sense will not succeed,
I make no bustle, but abide,
For shining wealth, or scaling woe,
I force no friend I fear no foe.

Of ups and downs, and ins and outs,
Of "they're it the wrong," and we're it 'thright,
I shun the rancours and the routs,
And wishing well to every wight,
Whatever turn the matter takes,
I deem it all but ducks and drakes.

With whom I feast I do not fawn,
Nor if the folks should flout me, faint,
If wot'd welcome be withdrawn,
I cook no kind of a complaint,
With none dispos'd to disagree,
But like them best who best like me.

Not that I rate myself the rule
How all my betters should behave,
But fame shall find me no man's fool,
Nor to a set of men a slave,
I love a friendship free and frank,
And hate to hang upon a hawk.

Fond of a true and trusty tie,
I never loose where'er I link
That if a business budes by,
I talk thereon just as I think,
My word, my work, my heart, my hand,
Stall on a side together stand.

If names or actions make a noise,
Whatever hap the question hath,
The point impartially I raise,
And read, or write, but without wrath
For should I burn or break my rains,
Pray, who will pay me for my pains?

I love my neighbour as myself;
Myself like him too, by his leave,
Nor to his pleasure, power, or pelf,
Came to crouch, as I conceive,
Dame Nature, doubtless, has design'd
A man the monarch of his mind.

Now taste and try this temper, sir,
Mood, it and brood it in your breast;
Or if ye ween, for worldly stir,
That man does right to mar his rest,
Let me be deaf, and debonaire—
I am content, I do not care.

CARBONIC OR CHARCOAL DENTRIFICE,

CHYMICALLY PREPARED

BY NATHANIEL SMITH,

Wholesale and Retail Perfumer, at the Golden Row,
No. 150, Broad-Way, New-York.

Among the various complaints to which the human body is subject, there are perhaps, none more universal than those of the Teeth and Gums, and though there is no immediate danger yet they are often both very troublesome and extremely painful. The teeth being that part of the human frame by which the voice is considerably modulated, without considering what an addition to beauty a fine set of teeth are, that any person sensible of these things, must undoubtedly wish to preserve them.

Nathaniel Smith having made Chymical Perfumery his study for thirty years in London and America, besides his apprenticeship has had an opportunity of gaining great information on this subject and others in his line, the Carbonic or Charcoal Dentrifice, Chymically prepared, Smith would now offer the public, is of a superior quality for whitening the teeth and preserving the gums fastening in those that are loose making them firm and strong preventing rotten and decaying teeth from growing worse, and prevents severe and acute tooth aches; it takes off all that thick corrosive matter and tartary substance that gathers round the base of the tooth, which it suffered to remain, occasions a disagreeable smell in the breath eats the enamel from the teeth, and destroys the gums.

Those persons who wish to have the comforts of a good set of teeth, are particularly requested to make use of Smith's Carbonic or Charcoal Dentrifice: chymically prepared as it can be warranted not to contain any of those acid and acrimonious substances which only create a temporary whiteness, but in the end destroys the enamel, occasions severe pains and rottenness of the teeth; these with many other inconveniences which arise from bad Tooth Powders are entirely removed by using Smith's Carbonic or Charcoal Dentrifice chymically prepared.

Nathaniel Smith has taken the greatest pains to have the materials of the best quality and made in the most skilful manner, for those things when made by unskilful hands, greatly injures what it was at first intended to adorn.

N. Smith has this dentrifice particularly made under his own inspection.

4s per box.

March 10

1099—tf

HUMANITY—BENEFICENCE.

GRAINS DE SAINTE OR HEALTH PILLS,

Prepared by Doctor Frank of Paris, professor of Physic and Physician to the Court. Hitherto only methods of cure have been thought of for diseases of long standing: a preventative mode is preferable. The Health Pills are a medicine, the virtues of which produce the most salutary effects, they have the property of curing pains of the stomach, of expelling wind and dislodging violent headaches, of restoring the courses, of purifying the blood, and dispelling melancholy restore the Complexion and Plumpness, Re-establish the appetite favour gentle digestion, and cure obstructions of the Liver, and spleen effectually preventing Bilious Period and Malignant Fevers given to children. This Medicine destroys worms and resists convulsions, and has the advantage of not causing gripes or painful stools—authorised and approved by the Government of France, recommended by the committee of Beneficence to the prefects of the departments; Brigue Mayor, Chancery Minister of Interior Relations, approved by the Emperor General Armstrong, Ambassador of the United States, used this Medicine with great benefit. These Pills are covered over with silver leaf—A few Boxes received and for sale at the Medicine Store, No 302 Broadway, at 4s, and 3s per box.

August 11

1111—3.

COTTON BALLS AND BONNET WIRE

American and English manufactured Cotton Balls and Bonnet Wire, the first quality, and of all numbers, for sale by

SAUNDERS AND LEONARD,

119 William Street,

march 10,

1099—tf

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS at this office

PRINCE EGYPTIANS TINCTURE.

FOR
THE TEETH AND GUMS.



Prepared after the original receipt from this distinguished European, dentist to the present proprietor who is induced, by the many requests of his acquaintances who have given it a trial, to offer this much esteemed preparation to the public in hopes of checking in part, the use of common and pernicious tooth powders which, by friction and the corrosive ingredients they usually contain soon destroy the enamel loosen, and materially injure the teeth and gums.—This mischief, and its distressing effects, is obviated by the peculiar properties of the tincture, which preserves and whitens the teeth, fastens those that are loose, sweetens the breath, strengthens the gums, and completely eradicates the scurvy, which often proves destructive to a whole set of teeth. The tincture is of great value to persons wearing artificial teeth fastened to the natural ones, as it prevents the natural teeth from becoming loose, and the others from changing their colour.

Sold by appointment at the office of the Weekly Museum, No. 3, Peck slip—at two shillings a bottle, with directions.

May 26.

1110—f

SCHOOL.

The Subscriber wishes to inform his patrons and the public, that he has commenced School at No 236 Water Street, near New-Ship, and teaches the art of Penmanship upon the latest and most approved plan and professes to equal any; and has introduced an entire new plan of teaching Spelling and Reading, whereby Pupils will, in three months, acquire more correct knowledge therein, than they possibly can in six months by any other plan or means hitherto used. Encouragement at which, and the other branches of English Literature, is earnestly solicited. The strict attention will be paid to order and the civilization of the pupils, by W. D. LAZELL.

New-York, June 2

1111—tf

CHAMBER LIGHT AT NIGHT.

The Floating Wax Tapers which will burn ten hours and not consume more than a spoonful of oil, will be found exceedingly cheap and convenient. They give a good and sufficient light—may be burnt in a wine glass, Tumbler or any similar vessel—and are perfectly safe, as no sparks will emit from them.

They are recommended to the physician, the sick and others who may require or wish a light during the night.

They are sold at C. Harrison's Book-Store, No 3, Peck-Slip, in boxes containing 50 tapers, at 50 cents per box.

1103

FILES OF THE WEEKLY MUSEUM.

FOR THE YEAR 1809,

NEATLY BOUND,

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE

WINDOW-BLINDS AND CISTERNS.

Window Blinds of every description for Sale. Old Blinds repaired and painted in the neatest manner. Cisterns made, put in the ground and warranted tight by C. ALFORD,

No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

DURABLE INK. FOR WRITING ON LINEN with a pen for sale at No 3 Peck Slip.

NEW-YORK,

PUBLISHED BY C HARRISON

NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANN